SONGS—OF THE WEST

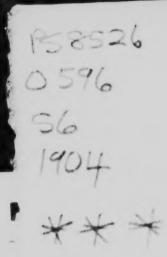
MARION E MOODIE



By MARION E. MOODIE



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Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four, by Marion E. Moodik at the Department of Agriculture.

A Song of the West

The land of the sunset skies,
Where far o'er you mountain's crest
Those glorious colors rise,

You bring me the fragrance of pine.
The coolness of mountain snow,
The music of falling streams,
By the hill where the lilies grow.

Oh! wind that comes out of the West, You sigh on your way to the plain, "The mountain land is best, Will you not come back again?"

Glow skies, with your golden light;
Blow softly, dear wind from the hill:
For my heart has a longing to-night
That only the West can fill.





The Call of the Woods

HERE'S a murmuring in the trees,
And a sighing of the breeze,
There's a calling from the robins on the hill;
And it fills my heart with pain
And a longing—that is vain—
To be up and out awand'ring at my will.

There are wild flowers everywhere
Shedding fragrance on the air,
The butterflies are hurrying to and fro.
The squirrels and the bees
Are as busy as you please,
Up there among the hills where I would go.

For it's there that one can rest,
Lying close to Nature's breast,
And the breeze's lullaby is low and sweet:
So I turn my longing eyes
Where the stately mountains rise,
And the wooded hills are nestling at their fee.







H! Western winds that softly blow From dear lands far away, O'er mountains white with spotless snow, O'er prairies where the wild flowers grow And rippling waters play,

Bring us the sound of rushing streams.

The scent of blossoms gay;

Mem'ries to mingle with our dreams.

Of mountains bright with rosy gleams

That cheer the dying day.

For though we wander far, to thee
Our hearts turn back alway,
Dear Western land, and thou shalt be
Recalled by tender memory
Wherever we may stray.





Monderland

HAVE been in Wonderland.
Wist you where it lies?
Where the arching branches meet
Under Autumn skies.

All its ways are roofed with gold.
Set with jewels green.
Carpeted in wondrous guise.
Fit for any queen.

Wreathed branches make the walls.

Draped in colors gay,

And the purple aster stars

Shine the live-long day.

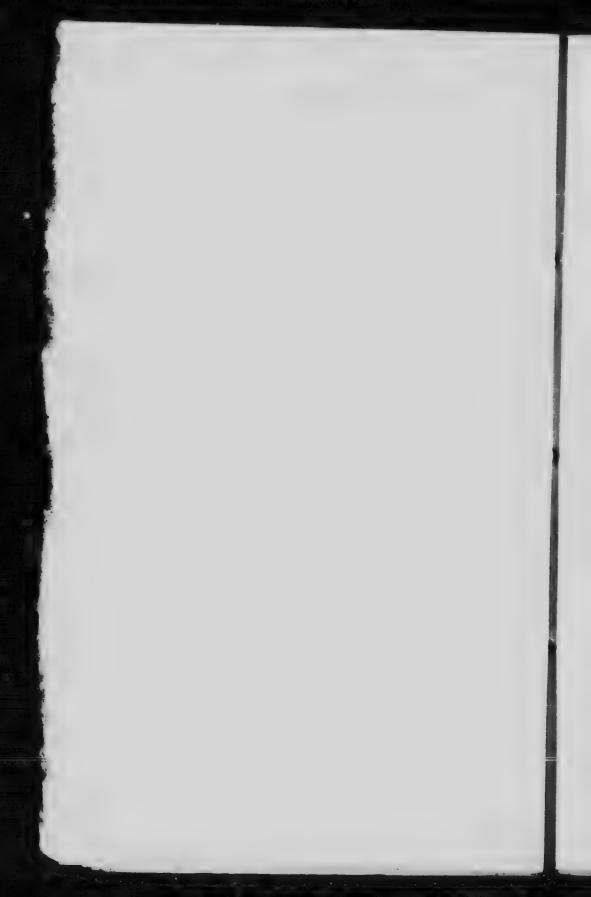
Snow-berries all waxy white, Bell-wort berries red, Make the beads the fairies tell Ere they go to bed.

Mossy cushions for their rest.

Hush of charmed air.

Oh! the world of Wonderland
Is most passing fair!







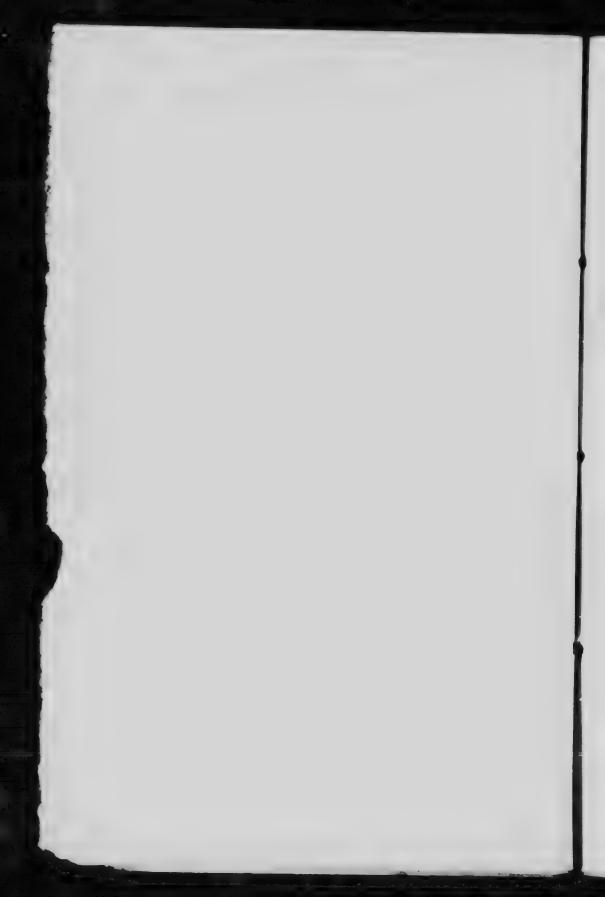
These painted cups of scarlet hue.
As nightly on the hills they lift
Their blossoms filled with dew?

And do the dewdrops turn to wine
When gathered in a cup so fair,
Sweetened with honey which the sun
Through the long day has garnered there?

Then let us also stoop and take
Refreshment for our weary day.
Deep draughts of cheerfulness and grace
To speed us on the upward way.

Our hill is often rough and steep,
And thorns are sharp from day to day.
But when we reach the top I think
We'll find a richer cup to drink,
Beside a thornless way.





Wirginia Creeper

RANGE and russet, crimson and green,
Draping the wall in this wonderful way;
Glimpses of old grey stone between,—
Sprays of such coloring never were seen
In the garden's wealth of a summer's day.

Richest of browns and palest of gold,

Flames of the after-glow's wonderful red;

The tale of the summer's sweet glory is told,

But these five-parted leaves all their richness unfold

In a grand after-glow of the days that have fled.



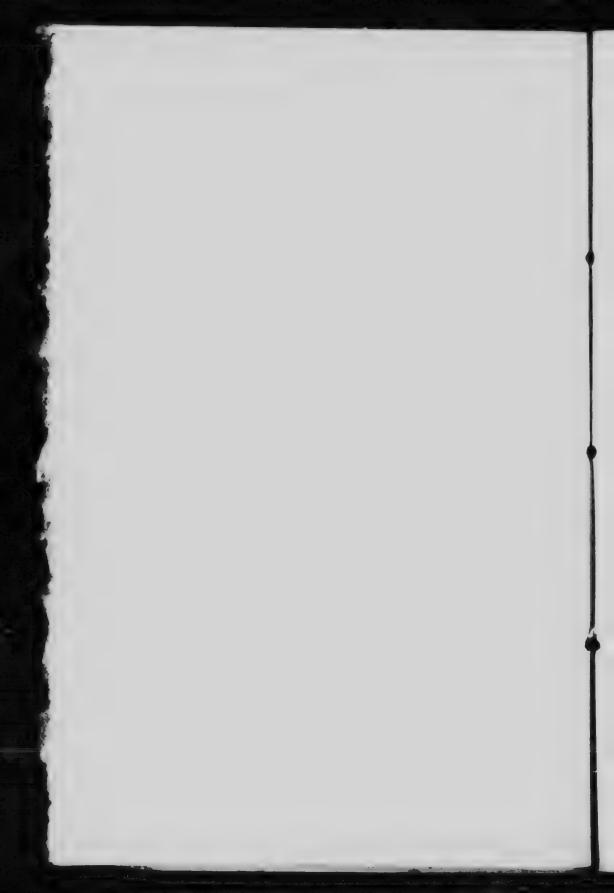
H! the green and the gold of the Autumn woods,
The haze o'er the Autumn sky,
The carpet of leaves on the soft brown earth,
And the warm wind's trembling sigh,

They are full of the glory of vanished days.

Of the peace of the ripened year,

Of the mystery deep of their coming sleep.

When the Winter snows appear.



In the Mountains

HERE'S a wild little canyon in the mountains far away,
Where the foaming waters tumble o'er their rock-strewn
course to-day.

From spray-wet ferns about their feet the cliffs rise grim and grey. And the hare-bells on the hillsides with the breezes are at play.

There are squirrel-haunted pathways in the mountains far away.

Where the pines are waving gently in the scented air to-day,

Where the little sweet-belled Linnæa and bird's-foot orchis grow.

And the butterflies are flitting round some mossy nooks I know.

There's a lovely, lonely lake in the mountains far away.

Whose breast the water-crowfoot decks in dainty white array.

Whe e the wild-duck leads her nestlings in the dawning of the day.

Any the everlasting hills look down like guardians grim and grey.

Oh! to wander once again in the mountains far away,

To watch the foaming water and the squirrels at their play,

To paddle o'er that lonely lake at the closing of the day,

When golden halos crown the peaks from the sun's departing ray.





WHERE does luck come from, who can tell?

Does it fall from the sky, is it found in the deep?

Nay, climb for it, dig for it, never so well,

You will find no trace on the mountain's steep.

You will gain no hint from the depths below Of where the treasure is lying hid.

You may weary of toil, and hope may go. Luck will not come to you when you bid.

Yet climb again and with patient aim.

Open your heart to life's joys and cares.

You may wake some morn to a gleam of fame, Luck will have found you—unawares.



Selkirk Lilies

H! that I could show you where the Selkirk lilies grow, By a winding stream whose fountain-head lies in the mountain snow.

Where spruce and pine, so dark and tall, and slender poplar trees Are whispering sweetest secrets to every passing breeze.

Beyond us still the mountains in solemn grandeur rise,
But here what wealth of living gold would greet your wond'ring eyes!
The gold that Nature's hand has made, and scattered all around,
Making these hills and valleys a very treasure-ground.

How thick among the glossy leaves the slender stems uprear Their crowns of gold above them as the dainty flowers appear! The sweetest perfume ever breathed they keep for those who know And seek them in their woodland haunts, dear "Lilies of the Snow."



